

Some Summer Lies  
As Told By Our Friends.  
Comic Supplement  
Next Sunday.

# NEW YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER.

Hemlock's Goons  
Hold A. Fox Hunt  
The Journal's Color  
Supplement Next Sunday.

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## PACIFIC COAST IS GOLD MAD.

Forming Syndicates and Chartering Steamships to Reach the Klondyke Fields.

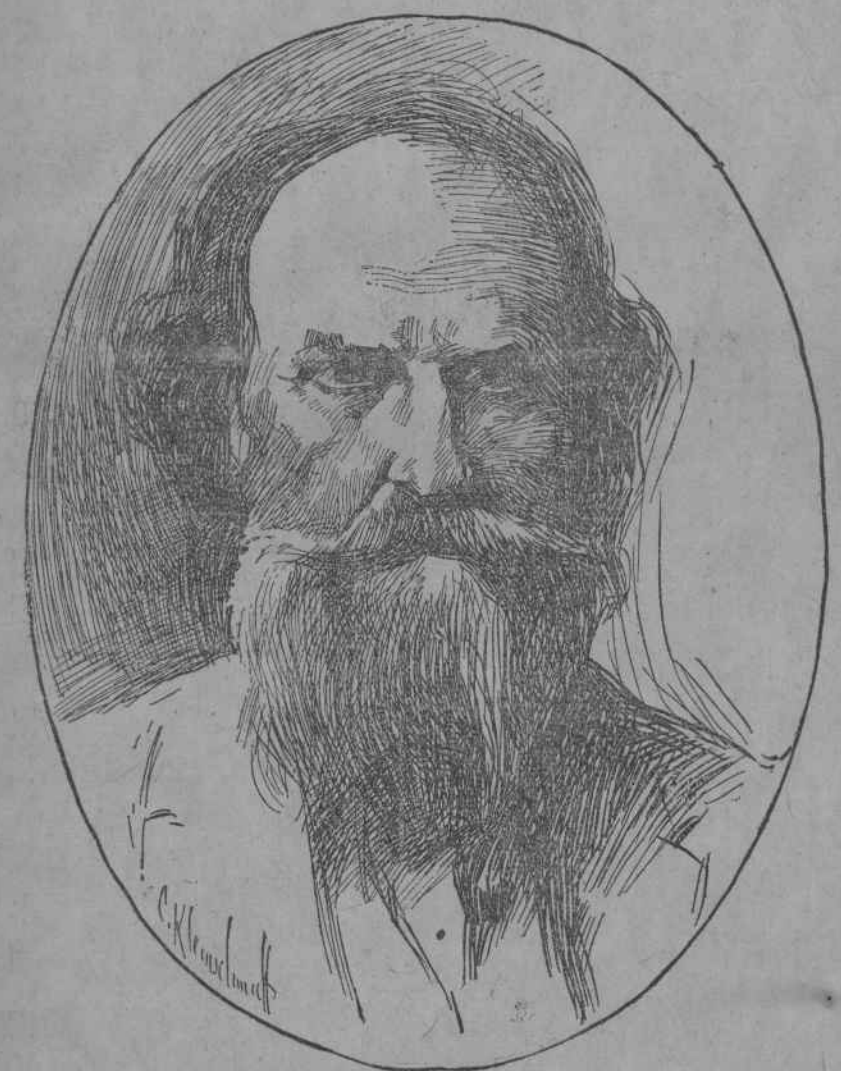
Joaquin Miller, the Poet, Joins the Host—Miners Who Have Returned Predict Death and Starvation in Dawson City.

There Will Probably Be 40,000 Persons There by September 1, and Only the Certainty That 3,000 Tons of Provisions Will Go in Before Navigation Closes.

San Francisco, July 18.—The civilized world has its attention turned toward the North. There are two attractions. One is Andree and his balloon, the other is Yukon gold. The entire Pacific coast has gone gold mad about the Klondyke. The Alaska Commercial Company's steamers will not be able to carry a tenth of the hordes now preparing to start for the frozen gold fields.

Joaquin Miller, the poet, left for Alaska to-day. Whether he is lured by the promise of fortune or goes to get materials for an epic no one knows.

All day long a great procession of men and some women files in and out of the steamship office, seeking particulars about transportation and rates. It is estimated that 5,000 people will start from San Francisco toward Alaska before August. From the ports of Puget Sound as many more will embark.



Joaquin Miller, the Poet, Who Is Going to the Gold Fields.

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**Syndicate in Grub Stakes.**  
Tacoma reports that men of wealth in that city are forming syndicates and advancing grub stakes with the understanding that the men who do the work are to receive half of the gold they secure. These syndicates are made up of from ten to twenty men, and each one signs a contract to receive his share of the proceeds. Each party will scatter on reaching the placers, and it is estimated that at least two out of each party of ten will strike it rich and bring the average of all up to not less than \$10,000.

The biggest scheme of all is to charter the Northern Pacific steamer City of Seattle, provision her and load her down with all sorts of goods suitable for use in the far north. It is proposed to send the vessel up the Yukon as far as possible and utilize her during the winter as headquarters for the Tacoma colony. All the experienced Yukon miners insist that those who venture into the Klondyke country must have at least one year's supply of provisions, but such warnings are not heeded by many who are only anxious to get into the gold fields and then trust to luck to make a living.

All classes of people are joining the gold hunters, but street car employees and policemen take the lead in point of numbers. One capitalist who proposed paying men \$5 a day and meet all their necessary expenses, besides dividing earnings with them, was overhauled with applicants, and had to withdraw his offer. It is leaking out that many who returned last Spring from Klondyke were careful not to give a true version of the wealth of the country.

**Maps and Charts in Demand.**  
Maps of Alaska are in demand. The centre of the new gold region is not within Alaskan territory, but forty miles are not much on a map, and thousands of prospective adventurers on the Pacific Coast are studying the somewhat uncertain lines and charts that will serve to guide fortune hunters into the far Northwest.

The advent of the Excelsior, with its

load of gold dust, has dispelled some of the hazy notions of this distant Yukon region, which generally has been regarded as a dreary succession of impassable snow mountains and limitless ice prairies. The gold hunters who returned with fortunes tell of a country rich not alone in minerals, but in variety of climate and resources. It is not an endless ice carnival up there. There are two months of sunshine and summer. There are trees and berries and flowers, and where cultivation of the soil has been attempted according to the requirements of that latitude it has been successful.

Nevertheless the dangers from cold and famine are great, and the menace of snow, ice and the relentless winters will have a restraining influence on the exodus. The arrival of the steamer Portland with \$700,000 in gold and a second party of the miners is taken as full confirmation of the stories of the richness of the mines. On the other hand it accentuates the question many will ask before deciding to invest.

Howard Rees is the eldest son of William A. Rees. They are partners in the firm of Rees & Rees, with doing works at Nos. 232 and 234 East Fortieth street, No. 44 Columbus avenue, and No. 307 Fourth avenue. Father, mother and two sons live in handsome apartments at No. 138 East Fortieth street.

No one disputes the contention of Howard Rees's father and brother and mother that he is run down, that his nerves are overwrought. But his lawyers and his friends in Fishkill assert very emphatically that he is not insane and has no right to be under restraint. His family announced on Wednesday that his mind had been unhinged by hard work in the municipal campaign of 1894, when he helped to elect the reform ticket.

**Member of Many Clubs.**  
Howard Rees belongs to the Larchmont Yacht Club, the New York Athletic Club, he is a Mason, a Knight Templar, a graduate of the University of the City of New York and is a member of other societies and clubs. He is active, popular with his own sex, lavish with money. He is interested in a hundred sporting and social as well as business interests. Among his financial concerns is the Phoenix Gas Company, of Fishkill, of which he is President. His father is vice-president of the same company. It is a corporation capitalized at \$100,000, and its affairs may yet loom large in the history of Howard Rees, his incarceration and his melodramatic escape.

When William A. Rees, re-enforced by keepers, drove away with his captive son last Wednesday morning, they were bound for Central Valley, in Orange County, where there is a private sanitarium kept by Dr. Ferguson. It is on the west side of the Hudson, fourteen miles back of Newburg. What happened to Howard Rees from the time the doors were barred behind him up to the time he appeared before his friends in Fishkill yesterday morning has been told hitherto only by himself. That he escaped, that he underwent pitiable hardships with amazing fortitude, and that his first act was to seek out those whom he knew to be his friends are matters not in dispute.

Accepting Howard Rees's narrative, then, he was visited at the sanitarium on Saturday afternoon by his attorney, James R. Myers, of Fishkill, who had great difficulty in getting admitted to see his client. Myers served the writ of habeas corpus on Dr. Ferguson, and told the patient that he was to be produced in court on the following Tuesday.

To interrupt Rees's narrative for a moment, Lawyer Myers is authority for the statement that Dr. Ferguson said to him: "I want let this man go to court on Tuesday. I'll send the judge a letter to say that he is too sick to be moved."

**Says They Gave Him Pills.**  
Rees told his friend in Fishkill yesterday that Myers had no sooner left the asylum than Dr. Ferguson brought him two pills to swallow. Distrusting the doctor, Rees refused to take it. Thereupon, he says, Dr. Ferguson, with the aid of the keepers, strove by force to make him swallow the

Continued on Second Page.

## BLOODHOUNDS TRAILED HIM.

Young Politician Fled from Sanitarium in the Evening.

RAN IN HIS NIGHT ROBE. Lay Five Hours in a Stream of Water to Throw the Dogs Off.

WAS CONFINED AS INSANE. He Then Declared It Was a Conspiracy on the Part of His Family.

NOW HIDING NEAR FISHKILL. Made His Way to That Village from the Mountains, so Exhausted That Friends Failed to Recognize Him.

A well-bred young man, a member of half a dozen fashionable clubs, was trailed by men and bloodhounds through the mountains of Orange County, N. Y., on Saturday night. He was wearing only a night-shirt. Hard pressed by the hounds, he took refuge in a creek and remained up to his neck in water from 7 o'clock in the evening until midnight.

His name is Howard Rees. He is well-known in New York. He has been adjudged insane, but his lawyer has obtained a writ of habeas corpus under which he must be produced before Supreme Court Justice Barnard in Poughkeepsie to-morrow. He is now in care of friends, who say that he escaped from the sanitarium in which he had been confined because he believed that he would be dragged to prevent his appearance in court.

In order that no element of drama might be lacking in this exciting story, there is a clash of financial interests behind it all. That makes it a startling replica of Charles Reade's famous work, "Hard Cash," in which the author exposed the iniquities of the private insane asylums of England. Howard Rees figured in a story in last Thursday's Journal. It was told then how he had been arrested under an order of commitment to an asylum issued by Judge Traux, and how he had fought half a dozen policemen in the Yorkville Court under the eyes of Magistrate Hedges, his former friend, before he was subdued and driven away to be taken up the river. It is better that the leading facts then narrated should be recapitulated.

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## BUSINESS MEN APPEAL TO M'KINLEY; 2,000 STRIKERS MARCH ON MINERS

PITTSBURG, July 18.—That this great coal strike bears a vital relation to the very stability of our institutions and demands immediate adjudication through the Journal's plan of uniformity is evidenced by the following urgent telegram, sent to President McKinley to-night:

Pittsburg, July 18.

To the President of the United States:

In view of the fact, announced in the New York Journal, that you have consented to give the question of arbitration of the great coal strike now in progress your serious attention, we, the undersigned citizens of Pittsburg, earnestly ask you to use your best influences, as far as it may be convenient and proper, to persuade the mine owners of the Pittsburg district to agree to the proposed contract providing for uniform and honest methods of production, and for arbitration of the price question.

This seems to be the only hope of ending an appalling struggle, the consequences of which, if it is permitted to continue, can hardly be foreseen.

H. P. FORD,

Mayor.

JOHN BINDLEY,  
President Chamber of Commerce.

JOHN H. DRAVO,

Ex-President Coal Exchange.

JOHN B. JACKSON,  
President Fidelity Title and Trust Co.

CHARLES H. FITZWILLIAMS,

Pastor Fifth Avenue Baptist Church.

ALBERT J. BARR,  
Publisher Pittsburg Post.

## HER LATEST DUPE DIED OF GRIEF.

Aged Ellen Peck, Greatest of Confidence Women, Wanted Again.

GOT DR. LOTT'S FORTUNE. Last Bold Swindle Revealed by the Brooklyn Physician's Death.

USED HIGH OFFICIALS' NAMES. Once Swindled Babbitt, the Soap Man—Caught a Dangerous Crook for Byrnes.

After ending the notice of the metropolitan police for more than six years, Ellen Peck, greatest of confidence women, now nearly seventy years of age, is wanted again.

Her victims this time are several residents of Brooklyn, whom she is charged with swindling out of sums aggregating \$15,000. More specifically, she is wanted for defrauding the late Dr. Christopher Lott, of No. 124 Reid avenue, of \$10,000, an amount which represented nearly all of his savings and the loss of which is believed by his friends to have contributed largely to his death, which occurred on May 10.

For this Ellen Peck, under the name of Mary Hansen, has been indicted for felony by the Grand Jury of Kings County. Her daughter and her son-in-law, William Simpson, have, in the same connection, been indicted for complicity, arrested and released on bond. The indictments were found in June.

There are two sides to the story of how Ellen Peck made her escape. One comes from Rev. S. Gifford Nelson, pastor of the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church, and a friend of Dr. Lott's family, who puts the blame upon the District Attorney's office and characterizes the doings of the officials as an outrage. The other is that of the District Attorney's office, which insists that had Rev. Mr. Nelson not meddled in the case they would now have Ellen Peck behind the bars. The police have kept the case a secret and still refuse to talk about it. It is made public through a statement prepared by the Rev. Mr. Nelson upon the request of Mrs. Lott's lawyer, J. Edward Swanstrom, president of the Brooklyn Board of Education.

The discovery of these latest operations of Ellen Peck had its beginning when Mrs. Lott, after the death of her husband, began an investigation of his affairs. Among his effects were found a batch of promissory notes signed by Harry Hansen and William Simpson. The story of how she swindled Dr. Lott is the same strange recital that was made when she defrauded Babbitt, the soap manufacturer, out of about \$20,000; when she got \$20,000 worth of diamonds from old John D. Grady and never returned them; of how she defrauded dozens of other men whose intelligence and shrewdness had never been questioned. It is a tale almost akin to those which deal with hypnotism and the occult.

Dr. Lott is described as a man of superior mentality, about thirty-five years old, possessed of all the stoicism and coolness which usually accompanies the pursuit of his profession. Among his clients was William Simpson's family, composing himself and wife and her white haired mother, whom the physician knew as Mrs. Mary Hansen, wife of Admiral Johann Carl Hansen, of the Danish navy. Her beaming face was lighted by an expression of benevolence and meekness, her bright eyes gleamed with kindness, and her smile

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## "PEEPER" RAN THE GANTLET.

Men, Women and Children Beat Him Soundly at Coney Island.

LIFE SAVERS CAUGHT HIM. They Were Warned of His Presence When a Fair Bather Screamed.

DUCKED HIM IN THE SURF. Forced Him to Swim About in Street Attire, and Then the Outraged Bathers Beat Him.

Coney Island took the law into its own hands yesterday and avenged itself of an unspeakable nuisance. With joyous ardor Coney Island fell upon a depraved sneak, who had been lurking beneath the women's section of a bathing pavilion, and made him the object of a demonstration so nearly by approximation a lynching that the story is well worth telling from the beginning.

Late in the afternoon a succession of staccato screams awoke the activity of Charles Day, the life saver of Garland's bathing pavilion, at the foot of Tompkins Walk. He ran in the direction of the sounds, and halted in front of a dressing room occupied by a young woman who had left the water only a few minutes before. In hysterical accents she told the life saver that, happening to glance down through the cracks in the floor, she had seen a man peering at her.

**The Peeper Caught.**  
In fact, Day himself was just in time to catch sight of a crouching figure flitting swiftly away under the flooring of the

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## AGAINST CROKER BY TWO TO ONE.

Progressive Democratic League Wants None of Him.

ARGUED BY THE HOUR. J. Oliver Stood for Him, Opposed by the Whole Organization.

DURLACHER IS OUT OF IT. Resigned, but Under Such Circumstances That It Was Considered as Good as an Expulsion.

When Richard Croker gets back from England he will know where to find the Progressive Democratic League. They announced yesterday very plainly where they stood regarding Mr. Croker—they are opposed to his intervention in the city campaign. They said so by about two to one.

Their regular meeting was held yesterday afternoon at Flannery's Hall, Hudson and Leroy streets. It was long and lively.

Mr. J. T. Durlacher, whose famous typewritten catechism of John C. Sheehan got him into trouble with the League, resigned, and it was so quickly accepted and was so nearly unanimous that it amounted almost to an expulsion.

The meeting started at 3 o'clock. The Durlacher and Croker battles made it 7 o'clock before the Finance Committee went into executive session. The Durlacher incident came first.

**Durlacher's Resignation.**  
One delegate, Mr. Quinn, stood up for Durlacher, but the vote was quick and overwhelming.

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## SPANISH-JAPANESE ALLIANCE DISCREDITED.

Minister Taylor Says the United States Legation at Madrid Did Not Indorse the Story.

By Fernando Rodriguez.  
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

MADRID, July 18.—Mr. Hannis Taylor, the United States Minister to Spain, who is at present in San Sebastian, was seen there to-day by a representative of the Journal. Mr. Taylor said, upon being shown a dispatch that has been printed in all the English and American papers, that the assertion that the United States Legation at Madrid authorized the story of the alliance between Spain and Japan against



Hannis Taylor, Minister to Spain.

the United States was an absolute canard.

The President Urged to Act for Arbitration.

BLOODSHED IS FEARED. Hungry Diggers Declared All Work Shall Cease.

WOMEN IN THE RANKS. They Tell the Hesitant They Might as Well Fight as Starve.

WILL START AT DAYBREAK. The Morning Whistle at the Mines May Be a Signal for Conflict.

BUT LEADERS EXPECT

Pittsburg, July 18.—The men who hope for a peaceful solution of the miners' strike fear a bloody encounter at the Boone and Allison mines, Cannonsburg, when the whistle blows to-morrow morning.

Two thousand striking miners, hungry, muttering their fierce discontent, will march on the active pits at Cannonsburg at daylight. They will march like soldiers, headed by the Cecil drum corps at the Kessing brass band.

Their Coming Looked for.

They are not unexpected. A few days ago the owners of the Boone and Allison mines made a requisition on the Sheriff of Washington County for more deputies to guard their property. There are at least thirty deputies at each mine, who are well paid and heavily armed.

This army of two thousand men will mobilize at Budgeville at daylight to-morrow. From Budgeville to Cannonsburg is a twelve-mile tramp along a road that heavy veins have transformed into sticky, muddy quagmire. The grimly say the strikers:

"We will be at the pits when that whistle blows."

Conservatives Expect Peace.

Leaders from the sub-district of the Pittsburg district command this formidable army. The more conservative of these leaders declare there will be no bloodshed.

"When the men in the Boone and Adison see this demonstration for a peaceful fight for bread, they will join us. They're men; so they must join us."

On the other hand the deadly collision between the and miners is increased secret, but elaborate preparation for this mobilization. It is secret that these preparations were made that no more deputies might be summoned mines that are the army's objectives.

Share of the Women.

Besides, however pacific the inclination of their leaders, the strikers' minds have been excited by their wives, their mothers and the sweethearts. The women are tireless hands that may inflame beyond control the passions of the strikers, the miners and the deputies.

Some of these women are in the ranks of the army. But, in or out of the ranks, all the women have encouraged the strikers to move on the Boone and Allison.

The Appeal of Hunger.

"Go," yelled the women. "You want to starve? You're st-